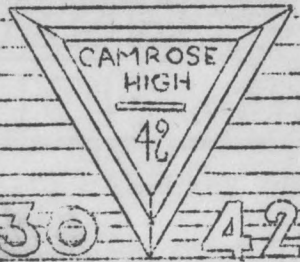


Mr. Killiam

ROYAL BLUE

and

GOLD



CAMROSE ALBERTA JAN. 30 42



Stam Hinglar 1-1, 42

NEWS • SPORTS

SNOOPY SCOOPS

MR. CARTER'S STORY

NEWS SECTION

LEROY NELSON NEWS EDITOR

PROGRAM ANNOUNCED FOR FRIDAY LIT

Wurlitzer Dance to Follow

Friday's Lit is to have everything from solos to shadow plays. Following the program will be a Wurlitzer dance. And all this you can enjoy for a small admission charge of ten cents. The money collected is to provide nickels for putting in the Wurlitzer so it will give forth music.

Items on the program include the singing of "Home Sweet Home" and "Rule Britannia" by the Glee Club, a vocal solo by Marguerite Smith, and a duet by Lorraine Grudnberg and Phyllis Thronson.

Ernie Pearce gave us the "low-down" on the shadow play. "It's about an operation," he stated, "and even though I'm in it I don't know anything more about it."

Other items on the program are Russ Sanderson's piano solo, and several numbers by the orchestra. A trumpet player from the C.L.C. will probably appear.

Three dramatic skits will be presented by the Dramatics Club.

To complete the evening's fun, as we have stated before, a Wurlitzer Dance will be held.

CAMROSE TO PLAY PONOKA HIGH ON HOME
ICE ON FEBRUARY 3rd-----

The team that C.H.S. has beaten twice and lost to once this month, that of Ponoka High School, will be on Camrose ice on February 3rd. At first regarded as probably the weakest team in the C.A.H.S.H.L., Ponoka beat Camrose by a score of 5-3 in the last game between the two. Following this defeat, C.H.S. is determined to win the coming game.

Will you be at the rink for this next game? You'll be missing something if you aren't. Those high school games are fast, furious and skillful as any one who has seen them can testify. They have everything you have ever enjoyed in a hockey game. Give yourself a treat and your lungs some exercise by attending the C.H.S.-Ponoka game and rooting for the home team.

C.H.S. fans are organizing a cheering section to drown out the cheerers brought over by the visitors. Recruits are needed for the C.H.S. hollerers. Won't you be one? Attend the next game and lend your voice for this patriotic service. The admission is only 10 cents.

SADIE HAWKINS DANCE ON FEBRUARY 6th;

Girls May Start Hunting Partners Now

By Newsy Nelson and Scoop McScoop

Marryin' Sam of C.H.S. (Russ Sanderson) serves notice that on account of the Sadie Hawkins Dance which is to be held on February 6, open season is declared on the Li'l Abners of C.H.S. for the benefit of the Daisy Maes. Each C.H.S. Daisy Mae may secure a partner for purpose of dancin' by any means at her disposal. This, comments Marryin' Sam Sanderson, should prove a break for the girls who have been "moonin'" privately over some Li'l Abner as it will give them a chance to become well acquainted with man of their dreams—provided, of course, that some other girl doesn't get him first.

The Daisy Maes will hold the initiative throughout the proceedings. Besides choosing their partners, they will call on them to take them to the dance. They will pay the admission (35¢ for girls and 25¢ for boys) for their partners and themselves. All the dances are to be ladies choice. And after the dance is over, the Daisy Maes will see their partners home.

Music will be provided by Erickson's Swedish Hillbillies and refreshments will be served free.

An added attraction for the Daisy Maes will be 25 soldiers who have been invited to attend.

MR. CREIGHTON MAKES INQUIRIES FOR
ENLISTMENT IN THE R.C.A.F.

Definite information regarding Mr. Creighton's mysterious absence last Monday has finally been obtained. While the rumors that he went to Edmonton to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force are partially correct, he stated that he merely made inquiry for enlistment in a week or two.

WIRELESS AIR GUNNER KEN RAWSON VISITS
CAMROSE HIGH SCHOOL

Ken Rawson, ex-student of C.H.S. paid the school a visit last Wednesday. Ken is a Kelsey boy who went to school here for a year about two years ago.

Ken met Mr. Markle and his other former teachers.

NEWS SECTION

C.H.S. Company Organized
Pat Colbert-President

---ty Scoop McSnoop

It was a gay day for Smiling Pat Colbert when the "Giggling Certies" of the Commercial Class elected him President of the C.H.S. Company, an organization established for the purpose of making commercial work.

Pat immediately set out to organize his staff. What he needed most was a secretary. After careful consideration he chose Betty Markle for the position. He began loading work on her from the start and if that wasn't enough, he asked his teacher if he couldn't have his secretary do his homework for him also. The answer he received was positively not.



General Manager Colbert: "I assure you this is only a temporary arrangement necessitated by the lack of furniture.

"Now to the dictation. What was I saying? Hm! Gee but I find it hard to concentrate on business when I dictate!!"

Other members on the C.H.S. Companies staff are Clara Roth, Levina Mordry, Norma Maland-bookkeepers, and Stan Hnyda-accountant and office boy.

Pat wanted to establish a "money making business" but when he discovered that the government monopolised this particular enterprise, he chose the cosmetics racket as his line of endeavor.

The C.H.S. Limited makes Madam Finklestein Scientific Brand Cosmetics.

These include Smeariton, the new, different lipstick which comes in six delicious Flavors and which may be obtained in a special luminous form for use in blackouts. There is also an assortment of face powders, rouge, and eye decorators. The cream of the crop is -and this will show you why Pat expects to make money-a Scientific Skin Tonic which is supposed to cost only a half-cent to make but which sells to you, the people, at a special low price of \$2.50 per flask.

Pat says this particular product does a person good externally or internally, depending whether you apply it to yourself, or you apply yourself to it.

A heavy blow was struck the C.H.S. Company by commercial restrictions as a result of the war.

The Company, so we are told, can no longer sell to such foreign buyers as the Hoki-Poki Corporation of Japan and the Shmaltz and Kraut Cosmetics outfit of Germany.

Incidentally each of these companies is now making camouflage for military use instead of feminine use, and what is more, President Colbert, expects his company might also be engaged that way.

If this happens, the nation's women folk will also be be struck hard. But even so, we all have to make sacrifices these days so girls keep a stiff, unpainted upper (and lower) lip.

TEACHERS GET SECRETARIES

Commercial Class Provides Them

by Scoop McSnoop

All the teachers on the Camrose High School staff got a secretary each early this month to help them with their correspondence, attendance records and other similar work.

In taking letters, the secretaries try to write them in shorthand, but they usually get them down in a peculiar combination of genuine Pitman Shorthand, "make-it-up-as-you-go-along" shorthand and longhand. Such a letter can only be read and transcribed by the person who wrote it and then, not always.

The secretaries have regular periods for doing their work but can be, and are, called anytime they are required.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
Sugar is sweet-
But where can you get it?

NEWS SECTION

HIGH SCHOOL HAS SECOND OPENING IN 11 YEARS

Opera Singer Thrills Audience At Opening Programme

A surprised but delighted audience heard Miss Noreen Bristow sing at the evening program of the high school's opening exercises. The opera singer appeared twice on the stage to sing five songs which ranged from "One Fine Day" from the opera "Madame Butterfly" to the well known Scottish song, "Coming Through the Rye."

Another pleasant surprise was the presentation of Mr. Vernon Barford a well known choir master and musician of Edmonton. Mr. Markle sang two of Mr. Barford's songs.

Miss Swarich, a teacher at the John Russell School, demonstrated her musical talent by playing two difficult piano peices. Miss Swarich also accompanied Miss Bristow.

Mr. Omond, as well as directing the evening's proceedings, gave a review of the events which preceded the erection of the addition to the Camrose High School.

Mr. Sullivan, High School Inspector and Dr. Fred McNally, Deputy Minister of Education, paid tribute to the men of the Camrose School Board, and to the members of the high school staff. Mr. Sullivan commented that he had seen better quarters for Shop, Home Economics and Commercial---in New York and Chicago.

The school had been open since two o'clock in the afternoon to inspection by the public. Following the evening program the people who had not had an opportunity to do so, visited the new additions.

OSCAR WORKS WHEN STUDENTS PLAY

At Christmas, Weekends-Everyday--

The unusual thing about Oscar's job is that he must work when others rest. That means odd, late hours and interrupted working periods.

Keeping a school the size of C.H.S. spic and span is a big job but Oscar has never failed.

Before all the students have left for home after school, he has begun to clean up. From then on he works steadily till 11:30 p.m. except for a break for supper at 7:30 p.m. In the morning he's back early to do the dusting so that the school is ready by bell time.

Oscar has also to keep the school heated. Even with the aid of an automatic stoker, this is, sometimes, a big job. Yet he never fails.

Over the holidays and weekends, Oscar must still work even though he

has swept the floors and cleaned the blackboards. He must always keep the school heated. He must wax the floors regularly. Even in the summer holidays he is busy, washing windows, varnishing the floors, and cutting the lawn.

Being janitor of C.H.S. is a full time, year around job-and Oscar is the man who knows it.

TUESDAY LAST W.H.S. 9---vs---C.H.S. 7

The Camrose rink was the scene of a terrific battle last Tuesday night when the W.H.S. defeated the C.H.S. by a score of 9 to 7. A very good crowd witnessed the fast and evenly matched game and the Camrose boys wish to take this opportunity to thank the fans that turned out, to see the game for their good support.

The first period was very fast indeed with a few scrambles and close calls for each team. The score at the end of the first period was 2-1 for Camrose. The first Camrose goal was scored by our "animal friend-the Weasel" --- Jim Richardson on an assist from our---ehm---Muscular Strong(?) Jim Richardson also made the second goal while his brother Bill got the assist.

The second period witnessed plenty (as well as penalties). Ernie scored on a break-away. Jim added one more to our count, but alas---W.H.S. scored five goals and so at the end of the second, the reading was 6-3 for W.H.S.

The third period was some bang-up hockey. Anton Proskow scored the fourth goal. Assists on that goal came from Kieth Wattie and Elroy Reed. Shortly after, Strong handed Bill Richardson a "lovely" pass and Bill scored. The last goal was scored by Jim Richardson and Jim Waterton received the assist. In return W.H.S. also added a few more goals and the final count was Visitors 9 and Camrose 7.

The Camrose High School boys wish to express their regret owing to the injuries of our goal tender Mervin Devonshire and our forward Laurence Descheneau. They wish to see them back as soon as possible. They also wish to thank John Tanner for his brilliant work in replacing Mervin. They are also proud of John because of his sensational net minding in the last three games.

Line-up:

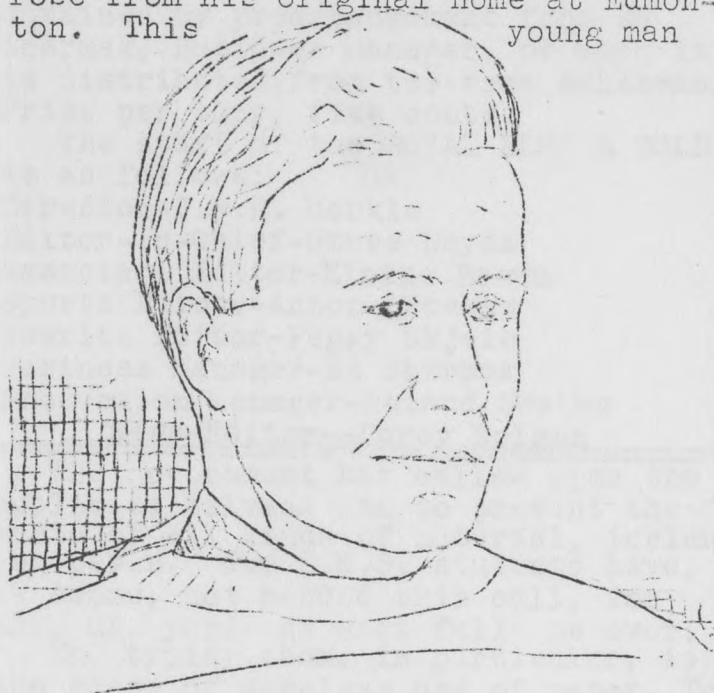
Mervin Devonshire	Jim Waterton
John Tanner	Kieth Wattie
Norman Barrie	Elroy Reed
Lenard Modry	Anton Proskow
Ernie Pearce	Chuck Strong
Jim Richardson	Bob Ofrim
Bill Richardson	Bob Burrows
Laurence Descheneau	

HI-SCHOOL SPORTS

Anton Proskow-EDITOR

Introducing our Sports Convener

It seems just as if it were yesterday when Norman Barrie came to Camrose from his original home at Edmonton. This young man



as you perhaps know, is keenly interested in sports and this is the exact type of person C.H.S. requires. Norman is interested in Softball, Track, Rugby, Badminton and especially hockey. His reason for his liking hockey so much is because the game is fast and can become fairly rough at times. The biggest thrill he has ever had in his sports career, is the time when he was assigned to rail one of W.H.S.'s star hockey players in the 1939-40 finals. The excellent work of Norman apparently reduced the W.H.S. star to score only one goal. This was indeed a very great asset to the Camrose Club and as far as we are concerned, we're glad!!

From The Sports Convener:

The ball has just begun to roll for sports in the high school. Badminton has just started and the way things are shaping up now, we should have a very successful season. After a little practise we expect to challenge the Camrose Lutheran College or the ex-students of C.H.S.

Ping-pong in the very near future will take the spot-light. Moves have been made to have playoffs between "Champ Ping-Pongers" of each room. To reach the playoff stage, each room will have to have an elimination play-off between students registered in these rooms. Then the "Champs" of rooms 1,3,4,5,6, will playoff for the school championship. So, students when your room representative for Ping pong approaches you, please give him some support.

Hockey is now on the lips of most boys in the high school, and we boys are surprised to find some girls talking hockey too. The hockey squad started out very well at the beginning of the season but no thanks to the support received from the students. At any time the C.H.S. squad goes to Ponoka or Wetaskiwin, it is surprising to see the support these teams get. But, suppose C.H.S. was not to win the C.A.H.S.L. Championship; just stand to one side and listen to the criticism the team gets. We are sure though, that if the students give us the support throughout the season, "we'll bring home the bacon."

N. Barrie

Sports Convener

Fastest Game This Season C.H.S. vs. ---W.H.S. Jan 22.---

Three full carloads of hockey players and one carload of supporters motored to Wetaskiwin, to challenge the W.H.S. hockey machine.

The first period saw plenty of action with both teams, on several occasions, on the verge of scoring. Each team had its scoring chances but were unable to score. The brilliant work of the two net minders made the first period scoreless. In the second period there were several scrambles in front of both nets. It was in this period that W.H.S. scored twice to make the count 2-0. The second period was a "dark period" for the C.H.S. club but they still believed the tide would turn in the last twenty minutes of play.

When the bell rang for the start of the third period, the Camrose lads were out there battling from the first. Norman Barrie was on the brink of scoring twice but somehow the puck got away from him. After six minutes of hard playing, Kieth Wattie, on an assist from Anton Proskow, started the scoring for Camrose. Shortly after this goal, W.H.S. raised their score to 3-1 for Wetaskiwin. On the twelve minute mark, Bill Richardson scored from a scramble in front of the Wetaskiwin net. Tim Johnson tied up the count to three all in the dying seconds of the game and so enabled the game to be played in overtime. In the ten minute overtime, both teams were very cautious and were ready to take their opportunity when it came. After seven minutes of overtime, Chuck Strong handed Ernie Pearce a "lovely" pass and Ernie, in return, scored a "beautiful" winning goal.

And so the game was over and the C.H.S. boys sped home with a 4-3 victory.

Editorial Column



AIR CADETS
CAMROSE FLIGHT
NO. 24



---W.T.H. Markle---

The "ROYAL BLUE & GOLD" is published monthly by the students of Camrose High School.

It is sold by the copy and may be obtained by prearrangement from Ed Shermak, Business Manager, or when it is distributed, from the room salesman. Price per copy, five cents.

The staff of the ROYAL BLUE & GOLD is as follows:

Director-J.W.E. Markle
Editor-in-Chief-Save Hnyda
Associate Editor-Elaine Brown
Sports Editor-Anton Proskow
Rewrite Editor-Peggy Skjeie
Business Manager-Ed Shermak
Production Manager-Roland Swaren
News-Editor--Leroy Nelson

The government has called upon the public to salvage and to prevent the waste of all kinds of material, including paper. The C.H.S. students have, it seems, not heeded this call, for they use paper as wastefully as ever.

The typing room, in particular, is the scene of careless use of paper. To get an idea of what I mean, you should examine the contents of the wastepaper basket in the Commercial Room after school for several days. You will find that sheets of paper filled up completely are surprisingly rare, that sheets on which only a few lines of typing appear, are surprisingly numerous, and that most sheets are discarded are not filled up on even one side. Similar waste of paper may possibly occur in other class rooms.

The government has asked that used paper be turned over without being crumpled, to the local salvage committees. C.H.S., which uses much paper has neglected to comply with the request and, I suppose, is having its waste paper dumped into the furnace.

Both paper saving and salvage can easily be affected in C.H.S. In the typing room, for instance, only those persons who hand in fully filled sheets should be permitted to take new, clean paper. Students could, by exercising care save on the paper they purchase for themselves. Even the R.B.&G. would save paper by reducing the number of pages and the number of copies it prints. Used paper from the Commercial and other class rooms could be collected, and, when a large supply has accumulated, be turned over to the salvage committee.

To make and carry the plans for conserving paper in C.H.S., someone must be saddled with the responsibility if any results are to be expected. The Executive is the logical body on which the responsibility can be placed. I hope it will take action on the matter without delay.

After the Christmas holidays were over, work in the Air Cadets was resumed as usual. Thursday night Jan., fifteenth there were two tests given to the AC's. One in Morse code and one in Aircraft Recognition.

F.O. J.W.E. Markle O.C. Flt. No. 24 Camrose Branch Air Cadets stated to the cadets that regular attendance is essential if a cadet wants to finish his training. He also stated that "this isn't a game we're playing, this is serious business and each Air Cadet should understand this." Let's get behind the committee and officers of our flight and show them that we intend to co-operate to the utmost of our ability. I'm not saying that the attendance has been poor, certainly not, on the whole, attendance has been good considering that there is skating and hockey games frequently.

Well, enough about attendance. Let's look at our drill for a minute. Each Monday of every week the Air Cadets parade at the Army camp, where we receive our drill instruction from 8:00 to 9:15 p.m. by F.O. Markle. First of all we line up at ease while Sgt. F. Cummer calls the roll. When each cadet's name is called he snaps to attention and calls "Here". After this is over F.O. Markle manouvers us around the hall, right wheel, left wheel, about turn, halt, etc. After a bit, we play a few games then line up and march out of the camp. When we are out of bounds of the camp we are dismissed for the night.

On Monday night Jan. 19th. the Camrose Flt. met on Tuck's hill. F.O. Markle called out nine boys who were to report to him. He thought that these nine boys could easily handle a flight of boys. All the Air Cadets were given their chance to show their ability to give commands. Out of the flight nine boys were chosen because they proved more outstanding than others. These nine cadets are: Bill Richardson, Clarke Hanson, Carlton Olson, Bob Williams, Dana Murray, Redmond Elliott, Philip Cary, Bill Markle and Arthur Shephard. These boys were given a special class on different commands that are necessary to give to a flight. A week from Monday 19th., they are to have a chance to show their ability to become N.C.O.'s. The best five cadets out of the nine will be N.C.O.'s making up two Sergeants and three Corporals.

After Christmas, two non-commissioned ranks were appointed.

Steve Hnyda---Corporal

Fred Cummer---Staff Sergeant

PRESENTING: Mr. G. W. CARTER SHOP TEACHER

R.B.&G. PAGE 7



When Mr. Carter was a "man of sixteen and had completed Grade Eleven, he thought, as nearly all boys of that age do, that he knew everything there was to know and so he left school. He packed his bags and set out to Nova Scotia to make for himself both fame and fortune. One year later he was back, without fame or fortune, but with a conviction that he did not know everything, and with a desire to learn which he still possesses. C.H.S. boys take note of the above.

Mr. Carter's trip to Nova Scotia did him good. He learned much by working in the woods as a logger and later as a maple sugar worker. Logging was hard work for him but, he says, the other men helped him. Whenever he had to carry a log which was too heavy for him to pick up, a fellow-worker would help him get it on his back-and then would leave him to carry it by himself. When he decided that he had had enough of lumberjacking, Mr. Carter tried his hand in the Maple Sugar Industry. He enjoyed his work here as his job was "sweet" in more ways than one. Through his experiences in the woods he became interested in forestry and woodworking. He still is, as woodworking is his hobby and part of his job.

Mr. Carter's stay in Nova Scotia was not all work. He went with friends on clambakes which correspond to our wiener roasts. The boys dug the clams, the girls prepared, cooked and served them-and the boys ate them. Everybody, except the clams, had a wonderful time. Also he went to fairs and tournaments in which contests like tug-of-war were held. He visited fisheries and went out with fishermen to see how the fish were brought in. He says that, unlike our fishing sports-

men, who catch the small ones and brag about the big ones that "got away", the fishermen there, keep the big ones and throw the little fish back into the sea.

On his return from Nova Scotia, Mr. Carter resumed his education and completed his high school. This was at Galahad, the same town in which he had previously attended high school and, for several years, public school. Before this he went to public school at Red Deer, Red Willow and Round Hill. He was born at Lamond, a small ranching town in Southern Alberta but, as he moved from the town when he was only a year and a half old, he didn't attend school there.

Mr. Carter attended Camrose Normal after graduating from high school. When he completed his course, he secured a position at Killam. Here he taught grades VII, VIII and IX for four years. In the summers he attended the Institute of Technology and Art at Calgary to study drafting, motor mechanics, electricity and art metal, so as to become a qualified shop teacher. This year, as most of you know, he is the shop teacher at Camrose.

Few men are as fortunate as Mr. Carter in having their hobby as their vocation. He works in wood while teaching shop, and at home in his spare time. Even most of his reading is about woodworking.

In the Camrose Flight of Air Cadets, Mr. Carter holds the rank of Warrant Officer, First Class. His duties are to teach students Aircraft Recognition, and model building. Next year he will teach other subjects, among them airplane mechanics.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

by
BETTY

SQUAW'S SCRIPT

and
ELAINE

Wondiful Sadie Hawkins Day

If all you li'l girls have kept your eyes and ears open (as all good li'l girls should) you will have heard about the "wondiful Sadie Hawkins Day" which (at C.H.S.) falls on February 6th. We expect to see all you lonesome lassies totin' some unsuspecting male on your leash, the night of the "hop."

For special lessons in "hooking" (of course old hands at the game won't need any lessons) that "I've Got My Eyes on You" unfortunate call on Madame Appropinquans (look it up!!) any day during the hours 3 p.m. till 8 a.m.

Just a few last minute pointers, though-----!!!!!!

(1) Have your bait ready--preferably raspberry--the night before, to avoid confusion at the last moment.

(2) If you use the speck-flicking technique, be sure your acting is genuine!!! Straight from the heart---get it???---!!!

(3) Pile his arms full of dishes--he can't possibly resist then!!!

(4) We'll see that there are a few cute li'l grey mice running around!! (they're always welcome)

BUT- last but far from least-----

--BEWARE OF THE WOLVES--

"His heart was calling his sweetheart's name,

While he was kissing the other dame."

Cam-roses go this month to "Endeavour" Pearce for digging up this "cute" jingle about the auto and the telephone pole-----

Brand new car,
Eighty per, hittin'
Telephone pole,
Scrap for Britain.....

Scientific Research On Symtoms of Love

The Grade IO student, when no one is looking, will glance at his beloved with wistful adoration. If she looks back, he will blush.

The Grade II will speak to his soul mate but stand at least two feet away. Toward the culmination of sophomore days he likes to walk down the hall, hand in hand, resorting to carrying the books for his sweetheart.

Seniors customarily fall in love save-man style, bequeathing the chosen one an astounding bear-hug and daring anyone else to show her any affection.

The Romantic Language of Handkerchiefs

When a girl draws her handkerchief across her eyes, she means she's sorry; across her cheek--she loves you; across

her forehead--"We're being watched; holding the hankie by the corners--"Wait for me"; winding around third finger--"I'm married"; folding neatly--"Let's go somewhere and talk."

After you girls have memorized the above, you might put it to use!! Perhaps it would come in handy on special occasions!!??.....

Dear Readers,

After m-u-ch squabbling with our editor we have at last accomplished the unbelievable great task. "Through the Keyhole" our well worn former title has at last been changed to a page written exclusively for squaws, of squaws and by squaws. We have endeavoured to make it a name suitable to the cause and hope you will like it as much as we do.

Yours truly,
The Squaws

P.S.

One says to tell the editor to keep cool until we have this space filler finished.

Wanted:

A large pressure cooker,
Two large tablespoons,
Eight quart jars,
Eight jar lids,
A good stove---

From now on we're going to can our corn.....

Sometime ago a girl from McLeod was struck by a train and seriously injured. Since then she has lain in a Lethbridge hospital recovering slowly from her injuries. To-day she is nearly well and can expect to be up and about shortly, except for one thing--she needs an artificial leg.

The Players Cigarette Company promised to provide the artificial leg on condition that it receives 5,000 Players Cigarette cartons. People in Lethbridge, McLeod, Camrose and officers and men of the Camrose Training Centre are trying to collect the required number of cartons.

Although many people are collecting cartons already, it will probably take a long time to get 5,000 of them. Consequently, more help is needed in this work. Won't you help? All that is required is that you collect as many Players Cigarette cartons as you can. You may give the cartons you collect to Margaret Whitmore, and she will see that the proper people get them.

Come, lend a hand by collecting Players cartons and thereby help an unfortunate girl!



The Editor wants me to prepare for you, of all things, an intelligence test. Don't turn away, this really is not bad. All you have to do is to underline (if you can) the words which complete the preceding statements correctly. Don't use a dictionary or other references, including your friends and teachers. Here goes:

- (1) The Germans call Adolf Hitler (1) a cad (2) the Fuhrer (3) the most dishonest man alive (4) a national hero.
- (2) Winston Churchill visited the White House (1) to get President Roosevelt's autograph (2) to see "what's cooking" in America (3) to discuss ways and means of licking the tar out of the Germans (4) in the last week of Dec. 41.
- (3) Einstiens Theory of Reletivity states (1) that first cousins shouldn't marry (2) that mother is laws are a nuiscense (3) that, theoretically, time doesn't exist (5) that blood isn't thicker than water.
- (4) Philately is (1) stamp collecting (2) death from intoxication (3) name of a Greek goddess (4) too terrible for words.
- (5) All men teachers are (1) high school graduates (2) wife-haters (3) heavy smokers (4) cruel (5) guys who can't take a joke.
- (6) In the following series count (if you can) the number of fives preceded by an eight which is followed by a seven and that are followed by a nine which is preceded by a pair of threes, reading from left to right: 732589564-875933879334587637933987.
- (7) The purpose of the defense men on a hockey team is (1) to make eyes at the pretty girls among the spectators (2) to maim the players of the other team (3) to intimidate the referees (4) to prevent the other team from scoring.
- (8) Jasch Heifitz plays on (1) the Montreal Canadiens (2) the radio (3) a Stradivarius (4) the band of the Grenadier Gaurds.
- (9) This quiz is to (1) embarrass you by showing up your ignorance (2) fill up space in this column (3) to give you a good idea of what you can expect next June.

What is your score? If it's less than one correct, you don't have to tell us. However, don't feel bad. If you have a low score because educators have discredited such tests as indicators of intelligence. They are supposed to show the knowledge a person has acquired, rather than his intelligence. So console yourself with the thought that while your knowledge may

not be what it should, your intelligence, nevertheless is, you hope, of a fairly high level.

HOME ECONOMICS CLASS TAKE NOTE

Two complaints have been overheard about the food the Home Economics Class prepares and serves. On Saturday, January 10, a teacher who had been working hard all afternoon decided to stop, and to go home for some lunch.

"Why don't you go to the Home Economics Room?" inquired a young fellow who happened to be around, "and get them to serve you some sandwiches?"

"Nothing doing!" was the reply, "The sandwiches that are served there are like pills, a I want a Dagwood!"

Some time before this, two young fellows wandered into the Home Economics kitchen and decided to sample the cookies they found there. After trying about a half a dozen each, these connoisseurs decided that the cookies contained too much flour and baking powder, and consequently were unfit for human consumption. As there weren't anymore cookies to be had, the young men left, heaping verbal abuse on the cookies and on the talents of the cooks who made them.

So girls, if you ever hope to win a man's heart by appealing to his stomach, you'll have to revise your tactics and recipes.

The Cold Blitz

The thing C.H.S. students had in common during the last month were-colds. From the frailest boy to the stoutest girl, one and all, it seems, seccumbed at one time or other to the misery.

In the various home rooms, scenes similar to the following may have been observed.

Teacher: "Sniff! Ked Gladiodis?"

Ken: "Snort! Ub! Here!"

Teacher: "Sniff, Bob, Sniff, Rodgers?"

Bob: "Wheeze! Bresend."

Teacher: "Sniff! Leroy Delson?"

No answer. Teacher: "Sniff! Sniff! Leroy? Isn't Leroy here?"

Obliging student, "No, Bister Barkle Leroy secc'bed to overwork-he's working on his section for the paper-and the best beautiful co'd a man ever had."

Having a cold has its advantages. It was and still is a good excuse for being absent. When the teacher asks a difficult question, a sure-to-work way to avoid being asked to answer it is to raise that already heavy handkerchief to your nose and-----blow!

-----G'bye till next month



SNOOPY SCOOPS and

SENSATIONAL STORIES



"Billgewater" Christensen and Ernest Endeavour Pearce

Dear Fans of this Column:

If this page is not filled for this edition please do not blame me. My co-editor went over to Wetaskiwin last Thursday night to participate in the hockey game. He scored the winning goal in overtime and since then any common mortal has not been able to get near him, so naturally I had to edit the whole page myself. However I think I will be able to fill it.

Yours affectionately,
'Bill'gewater

Well kids, the boys finally did it. Yes, believe it or not, C.H.S. has beaten the Wetaskiwin jinx. The boys were all in there fighting the whole game. Even Chuck who is recuperating from a serious illness and has to get two minutes rest every ten minutes, was playing his heart out. The boys did there best and it was good enough to pull through with a win.

Man Bites Girl??

We bring you the dramatic circumstances of this news. It is no news when girl bites man but when the tables are turned that is most certainly news. All last week M. (Grease-ball) Agrios was sporting a piece of plaster on her nose. We sincerely hope that she will not be maimed for the rest of her happy (?) life. It has been in many minds just how did Marg. get that tape. If any person, living or dead, knows how she got it, will they please contact the editors of this page and we will print the circumstances in the next issue. You will have to verify your report before it will be accepted.

You will notice in this issue of the Royal Blue and Gold a poem by Helen Owen called "Abou Ben Latin". We, Endeavour and Billgewater, are a bit dubious about the veracity of Miss Owen's statements. I, Endeavour, will personally vouch for my co-editor and say that I never have and never hope to see the day when Billgewater does not know his vocabularies perfectly. Why, he is so serious about his Latin that he even stayed late every night last week to take a post graduate course in Latin. I think that Helen is just a victim of the sour grapes phsycological problem.

Flash....Scoops are scarce!!!

FLASH.....

The Greek has now emerged from her disguise of adhesive tape and we are happy to be the first ones to announce that she will not be permanently maimed. We are sure there are many of her fans who will be delighted to hear this.

Won't there Ken?????????.....!!!!

FLASH...Flash...flash...

Dear Readers: Endeavour is about to write a few lines to fill this column.
Billgewater.....

Was it the Camrose cheering section at the last game played at Wetaskiwin that spurred the boys on to victory? The cheerers were Austin, Chris, Dana, Allen and Raymon, and the boys did a good job of supporting the C.H.S. lads. "Excuse me," said Chris as he climbed atop a large Wetaskiwin fan's shoulders to rip down a pennant. "Oh that's quite alright," said the fan as he and six others piled on Chris. The game was highlighted by many fights, speeches and fisticuffs, and despite the overwhelming odds the locals did very well. If a small group like that can spur the boys on as much as they did, what can a large turnout do? So how about a little support when Wetaskiwin plays C.H.S. over here?????.....!!!!

That queer creature you notice wandering around the halls of C.H.S. these past few days is non other than "Blue Eyes Devonshire" not the man from Mars as so many rumors have been. The reason for the tape is due to an accident during the last hockey game with Ponoka, but the black eyes, we have heard, are due to a couple of good right hand drives from Elaine Brown.

Nevertheless Mervyn expects to be his own handsome self again in a few days and then he says he will go right on giving Tyrone Power a little competition.

Is Rod Knaut a real talent scout or is he keeping all those pictures he has been taking for himself. It would be too bad for Rod if Fay got a hold of his wallet and saw all the dashing beauties he harbours in it. We personally advise Rod to get a new line as we tried the same one in grade 10 and dissapointed so many girls that we can't even walk down main street with a clear conscience.

VARIETY UNLIMITED

by PEGGY SKEJIE

"The Lord Helps Those-----."

Mark Twain.

Once when William Swinton and I were poor cub reporters, a frightful financial shortage occurred. We had to have three dollars that very day. Swinton maintained with simple confidence, "The Lord will provide." I wandered into a hotel lobby, trying to think of some way to get the money. Presently a handsome dog came along and rested his jaw on my knee. General Miles passed by and stopped to pat him.

"He is a wonder. Would you like to sell him?"

I was greatly moved; it was marvelous the way Swinton's prediction had come true. "Yes," I said, "his price is three dollars."

The general was surprised. "Only three dollars? Why I wouldn't take a hundred for him. You must consider."

"No, three dollars," I said firmly. The general led the dog away.

In a few minutes a sad faced man came along, looking anxiously about something. I asked, "Are you looking for a dog?"

His face lit up. "Yes. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I think I could find him for you."

I have seldom seen a person look so grateful. I hoped he would not mind paying me three dollars for my trouble.

"Dear me! That is nothing! I will pay you ten dollars willingly."

I said, "No, three is the price," and started off. Swinton had said that that was the amount the Lord was to provide, it would be sacrilegious to ask more. I went up to the General's room and explained I was sorry but I had to take the dog again; that I had only sold him in the spirit of accommodation. I gave him back his three dollars and returned the dog to his owner.

I went away then with a good conscience, because I had acted honorably. I never could have used the three dollars that I had sold the dog for; it was not rightly my own, but the three I got for restoring him were properly mine. That man might never have got that dog back at all if it hadn't been for me.

A modern girl was listening impatiently to a long lecture from her Grandmother, and at last she could stand it no longer.

"It's all very well to find fault with my new frock Granny," she exclaimed, "but didn't you ever set your cap for a young man?"

Granny drew herself up, "Never my kneecap, miss!" she retorted.

There is the story about the two patients in a well-known institution for mental aberrations.

One of them was hard at work up on a step-ladder whitewashing the ceiling and the second was below doing the heavy looking on. Finally he said, "Have you got a firm grip on that brush?"

"Sure," said the first patient, "Why?"

"Because," replied the first patient, "I'm taking the ladder away."

Personally Presented

Few listeners-not even the woman who was supposed to introduce him-turned out for a lecture by Orson Welles in a small midwestern town. Welles undertook to introduce himself.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I will tell you the highlights of my life. I am a director of plays. I am a producer of plays. I am a writer of motion pictures. I am a producer of motion pictures. I am a motion picture actor. I write, and direct and act on the radio. I am a magician. I also paint and sketch and I am a book publisher. I am a violinist and a pianist. Here Welles paused, leaned toward the small audience and said, "Isn't it a shame that there are so many of me and so few of you."

Bill wanted to slip out of barracks-unofficially-to see his girl, and he went to the sentry and stated the case.

"Well," said the sentry, "I'll be off duty when you come back so you ought to have a password for tonight. It's 'Idiosyncrasy'!"

"Idio what?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

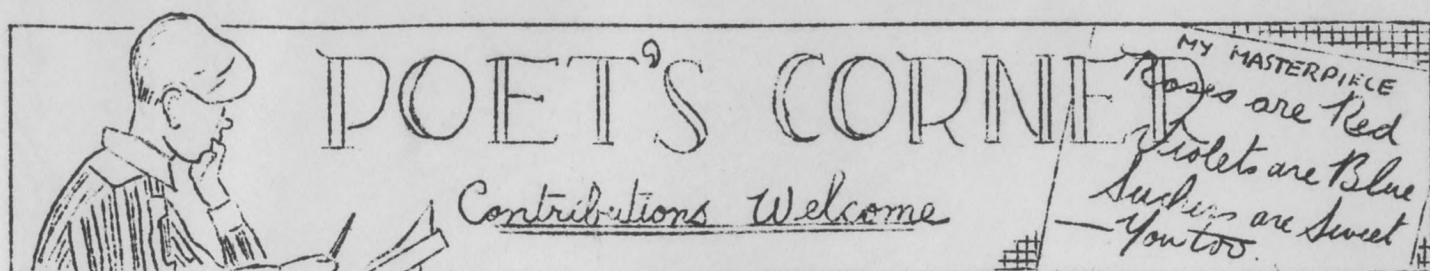
"I'll stay in barracks," said Bill.

A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 25 or 30 cents. Finally the conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they passed over a bridge.

"Mon!" screamed the Scot, "it isn't enough to try to overcharge me, but now you're trying to drown my little boy!!!"

Quebec, Canada, has no compulsory education. Turkey prohibits any person from appearing on the street in clerical garb, and Chile has a law that requires property owners, in case of fire, to prove themselves innocent of arson.

A good storyteller is a person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't.



Abou Ben Latin

by Helen Owen

A Latin student, (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one day from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the sunlight of his room,
 Miss Collins, writing in her book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made our student bold.
 And to the writer in the book he said;
 "What writest thou?" Miss Collins raised her head
 And with that look which makes all students wary,
 Answered; "The names of those who learned their
 vocabulary."
 "And is mine one?" said he, "Nay, tis not so!"
 Replied that one. The student spoke more low.
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one who reads the notes beneath."
 Miss Collins wrote and vanished. The next day
 She came again, her findings to convey,
 And showed the names of those who with high marks
 were blessed,
 And lo! Bill Christensen's name led all the rest.

It's the nite,
 It's the stars,
 It's the Moon
 up above:
 It's the girl
 She's a pearl
 I am falling in
 love.

The Persistent Peddler

-Jean Woods

It's the bees
 in the trees,
 It's the angels
 in Heaven:
 It's the snow,
 Do you know
 She will soon
 be eleven.

It's her nose,
 It's her toes,
 It's her laugh
 so funny;
 It's her eyes
 For the guys,
 Boy! is she a
 honey.

It's her giggle,
 It's her wiggle,
 Yeah, that's
 what gets me:
 She's as sweet,
 As a beet,
 And has legs
 like a tree.

It's her hair,
 It's so fair,
 Like the first
 rose of summer:
 Here's a sigh,
 Now good-bye,
 Composed by A.
 Cummer.

From over the lea on a fine sunny day,
 I heard a sharp bark from my puppy so gay,
 I looked from the window and happened to see
 A pesky old peddler who shouted with glee:

"Wrenches and medicines! buy some today,
 Spices and shoelaces here I display!"

I went to the step, his departure to speed,
 And stated most firmly, "I pray you take heed,
 No yearning have I to buy aught of your things,"
 But he eagerly showed me his trinkets and rings.

"Horse linament, thimbles and cosmetics too,
 Hair ribbon, ear rings and gingham so blue."

He persisted in trying some knick-knack to sell,
 And his grin was so impish, yet friendly as well,
 I repeated my statement, "I need naught today."
 But he paid no attention and merely did say:

"Oh yes! but my specials for only today,
 Will save you much money in many a way."

He grew more persistent as minutes did fly,
 As I stood there and wondered just what I should buy.
 I clutched my purse tighter, ("Oh must I give in?")
 When my eye caught the gleam of a silver-tipped pin.

"I thank yez," he cried, "What else can I show?
 First-aid kit? A broomstick? A whistle to blow?"

"I think, sir, that that will be all for today."
 I entered the house and he went on his way,
 He looked so forlorn as he climbed up the hill,
 But his funny old singing remains with me still.

"Hair oil, garters and safety pins too,
 Lamp wicks and corn plasters, liquid shampoo."

Abon Ben Lashin

by Helen Grey

A Latin student, (may it be true indeed)
 There one day from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the sunlight of his room,
 Miss Collins, writing in her book of gold.
 Kneeling peace had made our student bold,
 And to the writer in the book he said:
 "What wisest thought?" Miss Collins raised her head
 And with that look which makes all students wary,
 Answered: "The names of those who learned their
 vocabulary."
 "And is mine one?" said he, "May, his not so!"
 Replied she: "No. The student spoke more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one who reads the notes beneath."
 Miss Collins wrote and vanished. The next day
 She came again, her findings to convey,
 And showed the names of those who with high marks
 were blessed,
 And for Bill Christensen's name led all the rest.

The Persistent Peddler

Jean Woods

From over the lee on a fine sunny day,
 I heard a sharp bark from my puppy so gay,
 I looked from the window and happened to see
 A peckish old peddler who shouted with glee:
 "Wrenches and medallions! buy some today,
 Spices and specialties here I display!"
 I went as she stooped his departure to speed,
 And started most truly, "I pray you take heed,
 No yearning have I for any of your things,
 But he eagerly showed me his trinkets and things,
 "Knots, linaments, rhinestones and cosmetics too,
 Hair ribbons, ear-rings and gingham so blue."
 He persisted in trying some knock-knock to sell,
 And his aim was so faint, yet friendly as well,
 I repeated my statement, "I need nothing today."
 But he paid no attention and merely did say:
 "You need but my specialties for only today,
 All save you want money in many a way."
 He was most persistent as minutes did fly,
 As I stood there and wondered just what I should buy.
 I clutched my purse tighter, ("Oh must I give in?")
 When my eye caught the gleam of a silver-tipped pin.
 "I thank you," he cried, "but else can I show?
 What-what kind? A brooch? A whistle to blow?"
 "I thank you, sir, what shall I be all for today?"
 I entered the house and he went on his way,
 He looked so forlorn as he climbed up the hill,
 But his lanky old stinging remains with me still.
 "Hair oil, garters and safety pins too,
 Lamp wicks and corn plaster, linoleum shampoo."

It's the nice,
 It's the stars,
 It's the moon
 up above;
 It's the girl
 who's a beauty
 I'm falling in
 love.

It's the bees
 in the trees,
 It's the ants
 in the ground;
 It's the snow,
 Do you know
 she will soon
 be given.

It's her nose,
 It's her toes,
 It's her laugh
 so funny;
 It's her eyes
 how and how,
 how is she a
 beauty.

It's her hair,
 It's her smile,
 It's her face,
 what a face;
 It's her eyes,
 and her legs,
 like a tree.

It's her hair,
 It's her face,
 like the first
 rose of summer;
 Here's a girl,
 how good-type,
 Composed by A.
 Ganner.

MARSTON'S CANADIAN HOME

by PATRICIA LAURENT



Fifteen year old Marston Hunt has come to live with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane on their Alberta farm. He becomes acquainted with his three cousins, Don, and Janey and Jim, the twins. He is to start school the next day with his cousins, and he looks forward to it with anticipation and not a little apprehension.

The cheery hum of a separator awakened Marston the next morning. He lay still for a moment, absorbing the varied sounds that came to him but faintly. He did not know what many of them were---recognizing only the noise of the separator, which he had heard for the first time in his life the night before, and the crowing of an up-and-coming young rooster. Then, unable to withstand the lure of the golden sunlight any longer, he sprang up and ran to the window.

Below and far away stretched the green, glowing wheat-fields. Not a single undulation thrilled their surface, so still was the morning air. Except for the garden-hedge of caraguanas and baby-birch, there was not a tree or shrub in sight. To Marston's right was the barnyard, alive with protesting fowl, placid cattle and frisky calves that were playing tag. Don Cochrane appeared from within the dusky interior, leading a horse. Marston's heart thrilled, and without more ado he slipped into his clothes and started downstairs. Half-way down he met Jim.

"Hi Algernon!" quoth he with an impish smile. "Arrived back from dream-land okay, I see!"

"Goodmorning, James," said Marston gravely. "I slept very well, thank you." In their few hours acquaintance he had learned to ignore his younger cousin's attempts at brilliance.

"My!" cried Jim admiringly. Marston's calm British manner of speaking made him secretly envious.

"Mom says you're to hop right down to breakfast. We're all waiting. You'd better hurry, too, or else well be late for school." Marston's heart skipped a beat. He'd forgotten all about school. Without answering, however, he followed Jim downstairs, silently. His younger cousin, quite disgusted at his apparent lack of enthusiasm, gave up further attempts at conversation.

In the kitchen, Janey, looking very crisp and neat, gave her cousin a cheery greeting.

"Morning Marston!" It's a simply gorgeous day. Isn't it a shame to have to waste it on school? We ought to skip today and give you a real holiday." Marston was shocked at her

grammar. His precise English soul took many a bruise in this strange new land, among these lighthearted, carefree people. He answered Janey calmly, showing nothing of the turmoil inside him.

"Good morning, Jane. It is a very pleasant day indeed. I am looking forward to school too. I hope they will like me," he added, voicing for the first time the inward fear he felt at the prospect of meeting so many new people.

"Oh! they will, Marston, I'm sure!" cried Janey warmly. "They couldn't help it."

With her assurance, Marston ate his breakfast heartily, daring even to answer the impudent Don's even more impudent questions. Mr. Cochrane, "Uncle Jack" was a bluff, hearty Westerner, typifying for Marston his ideal of a Canadian. He understood his nephew, and therefore loved him. Marston's thirsty soul absorbed the love like the desert sands absorb moisture, seemingly unmoved, yet always waiting for more.

With light hearts the three children, Janey, Marston and the irrepressible Jim started gaily for school. So new and interesting were his surroundings that the two miles to the little school-house dwindled away in seemingly no time, and, with mixed feelings, Marston entered the little school-yard.

"I'll take you in to the teacher," declared Janey importantly. "Just follow me and don't pay any attention to anyone else."

Marston was very much aware of the curious eyes that followed his every movement as he walked beside Janey up to the teacher's desk. But the moment he looked at James Conley he forgot his audience.

Jim Conley was young, and tall. He was a man's man, and young Marston knew this and thenceforth chose him to be his hero for evermore.

When his courses had been arranged Marston was dismissed. He went with worship in his eyes and gladness in his heart, and when the bell rang for the commencement of classes, he felt not one whit of apprehension. Before the morning's work was started, there was something to be done, however, the singing of "O Canada" and the saluting of the flag. I am sure that when all those young voices were lifted in praise, there was not one voice as inspired as Marston's, and when the Union Jack was saluted there was not one heart as full as his.

For he alone really understood, and understanding, was sincere.

CAMROADS HIGH

THE BOY IN THE "BOG."



GREAT IDEA THIS COMING DOWN FOR AN OCCASIONAL SMOKE. AND NOBODY EVEN SUSPECTS.

JEEPERS! HERE COMES SOMEBODY _____



HELLO WILLIS, HAVING A SMOKE. I SEE! AREN'T YOU GOING TO OFFER ME ONE?

OH, HELLO MR. CREIGHTLY.
UH, SURE, YAH



GOOD CIGARETTES WILLIS, BUT YOU OUGHT TO TRY A MAN'S SMOKE LIKE THESE HAVANA FUMIGO CIGARS. HERE HAVE ONE - HAVE TWO OR THREE. THEY'RE GOOD -

UH, THANK YOU - UH



RIGHT ONE UP. HERES A LIGHT. YOU'LL NOTICE THEIR DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR AND ODOR IMMEDIATELY

OH YES, OF COURSE.



WELL YOU'VE SMOKED TWO ALREADY. YOU STILL GOT TIME TO SMOKE ANOTHER BEFORE THE NEXT PERIOD. COME ON, ANY MAN CAN SMOKE THREE FUMIGOS - AND LIVE.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WILLIS? YOU LOOK ILL?

OOOH! MR. CREIGHTLY I FEEL TERRIBLE! MAYBE I OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR.



HULLO! MR. WILLIS! YOUR IDEA WORKED WONDERFULLY, BUT YOUR BOY IS VERY ILL - YOU'D BETTER SEND A DOCTOR OVER IMMEDIATELY - NO I DON'T THINK HE'LL TRY SMOKING FOR A LONG TIME TO COME, HE'S HAD ENOUGH TO-DAY TO LAST HIM FOR YEARS - OH - THAT'S ALL RIGHT! GOOD-BYE!





NOTICE TO GIRLS

and WARNING TO BOYS —

ON ACCOUNT OF THE SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

WHICH IS TO BE HELD ON FEB. 6, I HEREBY
DECLARE AN OPEN SEASON ON BOYS FROM
TO-DAY TO THE TIME OF THE DANCE.

ANY C.H.S. DAISY MAE MAY ASK THE BOY
SHE'S BEEN PRIVATELY "MOONING" OVER OR ANY
OTHER BOY SHE LIKES TO BE HER L'IL ABNER
FOR THE OCCASION.

ALL DANCES ARE LADIES CHOICE

BY ORDER

Russell Sanderson
PRESIDENT

P.S.

25 SOLDIERS WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR BOY FRIEND-
LESS DAISY MAES

